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War Dogs *of the* World War



Published By
John I. Anderson
New York



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By John I. Anderson
New York

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MY DOG

I have no dog, but it must be
Somewhere there's one belongs to me—
A little chap with wagging tail,
And dark brown eyes that never quail,
But look you through, and through, and through,
With love unspeakable, but true.

Somewhere it must be, I opine,
There is a little dog of mine
With cold black nose that sniffs around
In search of what things may be found
In pocket or some nook hard by,
Where I have hid them from his eye.

Somewhere my doggie pulls and tugs
The fringes of rebellious rugs,
Or with the mischief of the pup
Chews all my shoes and slippers up,
And when he's done it to the core,
With eyes all eager pleads for more.

Somewhere upon his hinder legs,
My little doggie sits and begs,
And in a wistful minor tone
Pleads for the pleasures of the bone—
I pray it be his owner's whim
To yield and grant the same to him!

Somewhere a little dog doth wait,
It may be by some garden gate,
With eyes alert, and tail attent—
You know the kind of tail that's meant—
With stores of yelps of glad delight
To bid me welcome home at night.

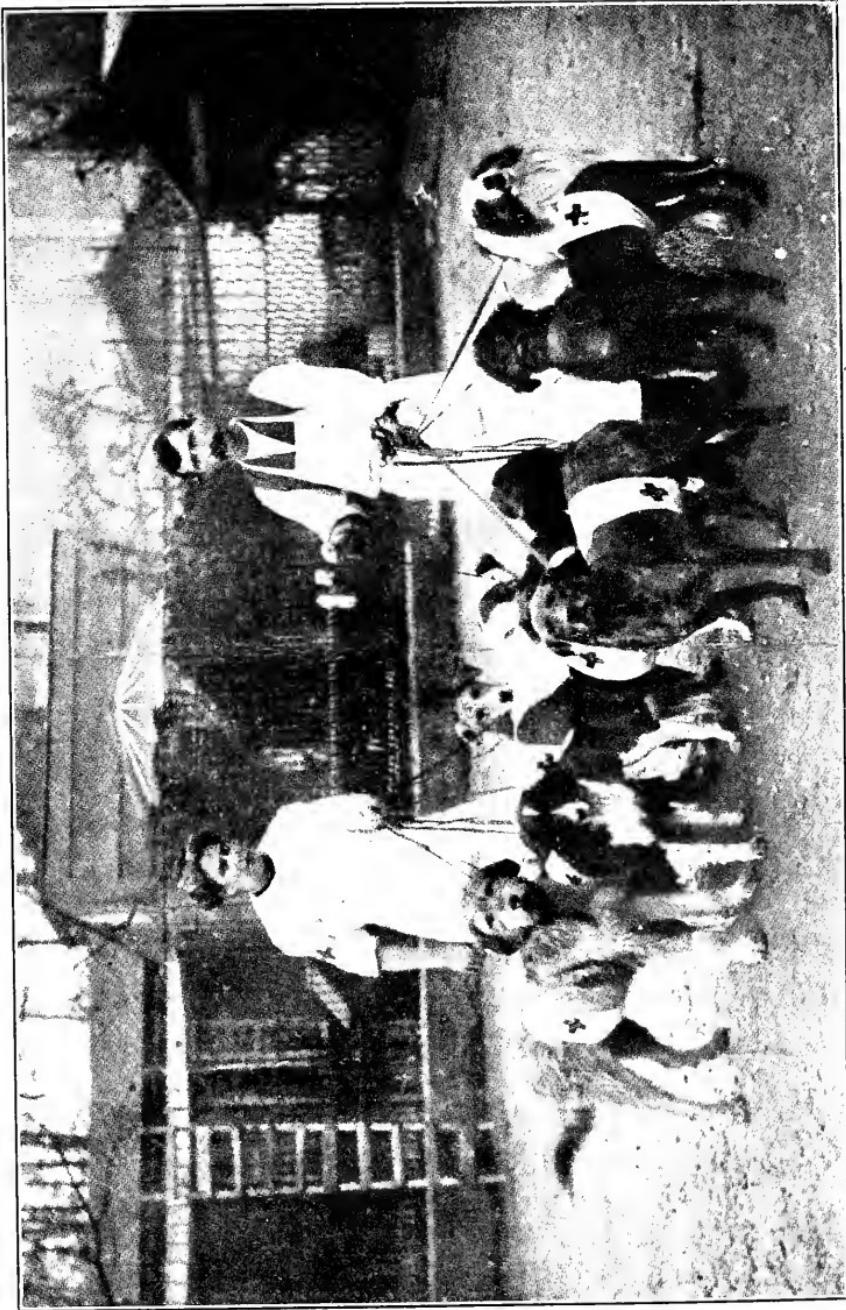
—John Kendrick Bangs.

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To those who love
dogs, those faithful friends
of mankind, I commend
this booklet.

The Author



Dogs trained at Neuilly-sur-Seine, near Paris, for service in the French Army.

War Dogs of the World War

To The Reader:

IN the city of Neuilly, just across the River Seine from Paris, lives a remarkable woman, Countess Mary Yourkevitch, a Russian by birth, French by adoption. She has for many years devoted her life and spent her income in the interest of the friendless horse, dog and cat. No provisions being made by the French Government and municipal authorities, these homeless dumb animals are left to shift for themselves in case of sickness or distress. She organized the Blue Cross Society of France and for many years has been the President of this Society. She secured grounds in a secluded spot of Neuilly and thereon erected suitable buildings for the housing and care of her homeless and suffering friends. Previously a social leader, she has during these latter years relinquished all social functions and thrown heart and soul into this commendable work of relief.

In 1914, when France was drawn into what was to become a world war, she set about to aid her adopted country. Dogs of all breeds and descriptions were gathered into the Refuge in Neuilly. A systematic training school was organized to fit these dogs for war work, some for the Red Cross, some for trench work, and still others to become messengers to carry important documents and light burdens. It was most essential that a dog for each division of this work should be thoroughly trained, and after this was accomplished the work became one of routine and practice. The trained dogs became the

instructors, and it was a stupid pupil indeed that did not become more or less proficient in the work set for it in the course of a week or ten days. To watch this training process is most interesting. A green dog, that is, one without any training, is attached by a short lead to the dog instructor. The command is given to perform a certain duty and at once the trained dog is off on his mission, pulling the untrained dog with him. This is repeated time and again until the pupil learns the word of command and the execution of the same. It is but a question of a few days until the green dog has learned his lessons, and he himself becomes an instructor to some new arrival at the home.

Six hundred dogs were thus instructed for their various war duties and sent to the front. The war is now at an end, and while many of these faithful creatures paid the supreme sacrifice, hundreds are left, some crippled for life, and all in need of proper care for the balance of their lives. During my three months' stay in Paris following the armistice, dozens of these dogs were returned to the Countess to be cared for. Knowing the burden placed upon her, both in a financial and physical sense, I am writing this story of the heroic deeds of these wonderful animals. Every penny derived from the sale of this booklet will be devoted to assist this noble work of the Countess Yourkevitch of Neuilly, France.

THE DOG'S MANIFOLD DUTIES AT THE BATTLE FRONT

THE stories of the devotion of dogs to their masters under the most trying conditions of the battlefield form one of the epics of the great struggle.

It is said that there were about ten thousand dogs employed at the battle front at the time of the signing of the armistice. They ranged from Alaskan malamute to St. Bernard, and from Scotch collie to fox terrier. Many of them were placed on the regimental rosters like soldiers. In the trenches they shared all the perils and hardships of the soldiers themselves, and drew their turns in the rest camps in the same fashion. But they were always ready to go back and it is not recorded that a single one of them ever failed when it came to "going over the top."

The Red Cross dogs rendered invaluable service in feeding and aiding the wounded. Each one carried a first-aid kit either strapped to its collar or in a small saddle pouch. When they found a soldier who was unconscious, they were taught to bring back his helmet, handkerchief or some other small article as a token of discovery. Many of them learned wholly to ignore the dead, but to bark loudly whenever they came upon a wounded man.

Not only did the dog figure gloriously as a messenger of mercy in the war, but did his bit nobly as a sentinel in the trenches. Mounting guard at a listening post for long hours at a stretch, ignoring danger with all the stolidness of a stoic, yet alert every moment, he played an heroic role.

Full many a time it was the keen ear of a collie that first caught the sound of the approaching raiding party.

And did he bark? How natural it would have been for him to do so! But no, a bark or a growl might have told the raiders they were discovered, and thus have prevented the animal's own forces from giving the foe a counter-surprise. So he wagged his tail nervously—a canine adaptation of the wig-wag system which his master interpreted and acted upon, to the discomfiture of the enemy.

Often whole companies were saved because the dog could reach further into the distance with his senses than could the soldiers themselves.

It was found that many dogs would do patrol and scout duty with any detachment. But there was another type of dog worker needed in the trenches—the liaison dog, trained to seek his master whenever turned loose. Amid exploding shells, through veritable fields of hell, he would crawl and creep, with only one thought—to reach his master. Nor would he stop until the object of his search was attained. Many a message of prime importance he thus bore from one part of the field to another, and nought but death or overcoming wound could turn him aside.—The National Geographic Magazine.

THE MESSENGER

EARLY in the war the Germans realized the importance of gaining possession of the French Coast of the English Channel, and thus cut off communications with England and prevent the landing of English soldiers on French soil.

The Germans selected Ypres as the point of their offensive and the English were strongly resisting the drive. Men on both sides were being mowed down by shell and shrapnel. For many hours the incessant conflict raged, at one time the Germans gaining vantage positions but to give way before the bull-dog tenacity of the English. The strong reinforcements on the German side convinced the commanding officer of the English defensive that it must be a question of short duration until the Germans would achieve the desired objective, and they (the English) would be compelled to retreat. The situation was a critical one and unless the English were reinforced, the day would be lost and the enemy would have a clear way to Calais.

Lying four miles to the rear were two divisions of the English army ready to march to their assistance if required. Quick action was necessary, as every moment was golden. For a courier to cover this distance of four miles and reach the commanding officer of the reserves, close to an hour must be required, and no one could tell what this hour might mean to the ever weakening defensive. A message was quickly written and a messenger dog called. The urgent call for assistance was placed in the bag attached to the dog's collar and he was given the word to go. Just twenty minutes elapsed from the time the dog was entrusted with the message until the officer

in command of the reserves had read the hurried call. The camp resounded with the bugle call "To Arms" and in ninety minutes from the time the message was despatched, the front formation of the reinforcing divisions was in active work. The Germans were driven back with terrible slaughter, and the day was won for the English.

An English journal in telling this story comments on the event as follows: "Who can tell what might have been the outcome of a victory for the enemy at this crucial moment." Hundreds of other instances could be recited to show the vital importance of the war dogs' work.

BIJOU

AT the breaking out of the war there lived in the little town of Méru, twenty-five miles distant from Paris, a man named Jacques Thallant. He had for a daily companion a dog called Bijou, just a common every-day dog of the French poodle breed.

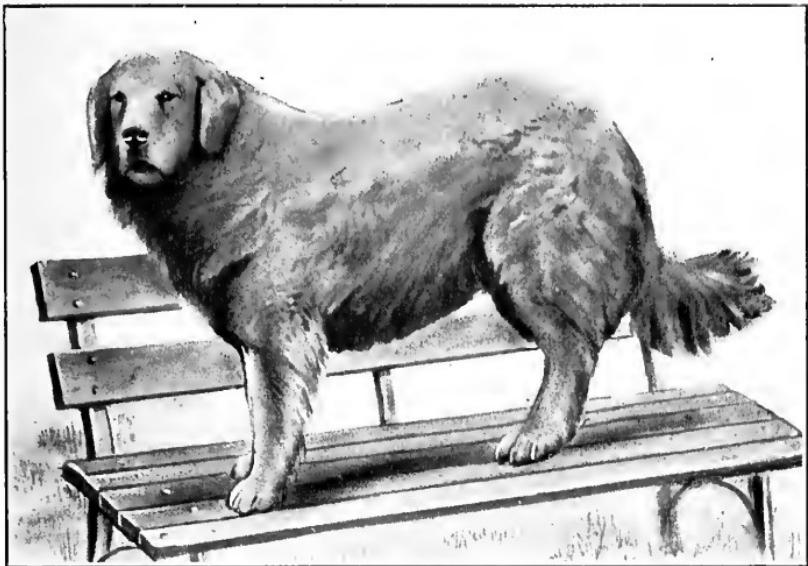
Jacques was among the first to offer his services to his country and was accepted. He requested the privilege of taking Bijou with him and his request was granted. Jacques was sent into active service and Bijou soon accustomed himself to trench life, and with the soldiers shared their army privations. Frequently Jacques was placed on picket duty and Bijou was company for him during the long tedious nights of watching.

Picket duty is one of the most hazardous duties for the soldier. During the day the enemy locates the picket posts and it requires but little practice for a sharpshooter to so train his gun as to do most effective and fatal work at night by shooting at random. A cold, dismal night found Jacques at a picket post with Bijou at his feet, imparting warmth as well as companionship. This night proved to be the last for poor Jacques, as my story will tell. A shot rang out—a bullet sped on its deadly errand—Jacques fell fatally wounded. His life blood was flowing rapidly, and his mind turned to his wife and children in far away Méru. He searched for paper and pencil and found in his pocket a letter he had that day received from his loved companion at home. Hastily he scrawled on the envelope the story of his condition, and with weakening hands he placed the same in the pouch attached to Bijou's collar, and in failing voice commanded him to go home to his mistress. In the morning Jacques was found

cold in death, still grasping the pencil in his hand. Search was made for the dog but he could not be found, and the record was made "Jacques Thallant shot while on duty."

Three hundred and more kilometers covered the distance between Verdun and Méru. Early in the morning of the third day after the soul of Jacques had passed beyond, Mme. Thallant heard a noise without the house and hurriedly dressing, reached the door just in time to see the faithful dog's death-glazing eyes brighten for an instant, and then with a convulsive quiver his limbs relaxed in death. On examination a bullet wound was found in his groin and then they knew the agony he must have endured in fulfilling his master's last command. A stray bullet doubtlessly dealt the death blow as he sped to do his master's bidding. For two days and three nights he dragged himself onward with the entrusted message, without food, without rest, true to the trust imposed in him, until his work was accomplished and then——

My old friend Hildevert Labrosse told me the story with tears in his eyes, and together we walked down the narrow street leading to the home of Widow Thallant. He showed me the gate through which the dog had dragged himself and up the walk to the house, and the threshold of the door on which he died. They buried the faithful creature in the corner of the yard near a shed where he was wont to sleep at night and where his ever faithful eyes could watch over the safety of his master's house. A small headboard with the simple inscription "Bijou, Faithful Unto Death" marks the last resting place of Jacques' friend.



Monte, the Picket.

"MONTE" THE PICKET

THOUSANDS of soldiers have suffered from shell shock, which proved to be one of the most trying conditions for the hospital nurses—nerves keyed to the highest tension for days at a time snapped under the whizzing and bursting shells which rained destruction in their midst. Horses frequently suffered from the ill effects of this trying ordeal, but it was a rare occurrence for the dog to be affected by these conditions.

In the month of January following the armistice, two French soldiers appeared at the Refuge accompanied by a collie dog. This dog's home had been in Montreuil, a small town near Paris, and the soldiers had nicknamed him "Monte." For four years Monte had served at the

front as a picket dog. His nightly service was to accompany a soldier assigned to picket duty, and there through the long night he remained, ever alert to impending dangers. His keen scent and hearing enabled him to detect the slightest suspicious movement on the part of the enemy, and many a brave soldier's life was saved by his timely warning. The bristling hairs on his body, his erect ears, the swishing of his tail, quietly conveyed to his master the approach of the enemy. The whistling, deadly bullet was beyond his ken and fourteen times in six weeks Monte returned to the lines alone. Each time they found the picket either killed or wounded.

After four years of this nerve-racking service, Monte was mustered out and returned with the two surviving soldiers of the original company. He was suffering from shell shock and returned to the Refuge as a patient. It was really pitiful to watch him in his sufferings. Worn out from physical weariness he would drop off into a light sleep, when suddenly he would bound to his feet, ears pointed and every individual hair on his body standing erect. This was followed by severe trembling indicative of shattered nerves.

I made many attempts to photograph Monte, but with futile results. I finally hit upon a plan to place him on a park bench and was partially successful in obtaining a fairly good likeness, as you will note by the above picture.



"Watchful Waiting."

"TOBY" THE RATTER.

OF the many annoyances and discomforts of camp and trench life, the rat is the most unwelcome. This species of the rodent family infests these places and not only becomes a pest, but a menace to the health of the soldier. Many a brave man has lost his life from the poisonous bite of these pesky and annoying creatures. Every effort is made to rid the camp of their presence. Of all breeds of dogs, the fox terrier has been found the most effective in the destruction of rats, and many of these dogs have earned wonderful reputations as "ratters."

In the Refuge in Neuilly there is a dog named Toby, who has passed into the professional rat-killer class.



Toby, Ready for the Onslaught.

During his three years' service at the front, four thousand or more "dead ones" have been marked up to his credit, and all previous records have been smashed.

That the rat was not the only enemy that Toby encountered during his service for his country, is evidenced by his *gimp*. A stray bullet snipped one of his front feet off just below the knee, and now Toby is listed as "wounded but not inactive." He is the most agile three-footed tyke I ever saw, and sets the pace for all the other dogs in their gambols about the grounds.

The soldiers taught Toby many tricks, and on command he says his prayers, rolls over, plays dead, speaks (barks), sings and performs other "stunts" that are truly wonderful.



Dick, the Guide.

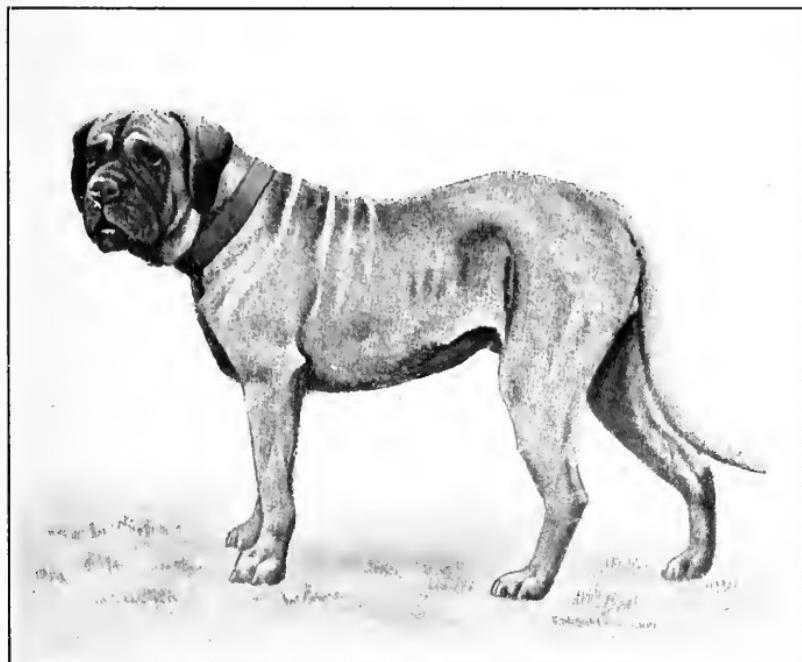
"DICK" THE GUIDE

JUST a short distance from the Refuge for War Dogs in Neuilly, is located the Soldiers' Home for the Blind. This is a spacious building surrounded by ample grounds containing shrubbery, trees and flowers. Under the spreading trees are comfortable benches for the accommodation of the occupants of the Home. Hundreds of soldiers, rendered totally blind during the war, are cared for, and spend the days wandering through the grounds and enjoying the comforts that such conditions afford.

For two years, Dick, the subject of this sketch, has served as a guide for these soldiers. He is a fine specimen of the French poodle, large in size, gentle in disposition

and perfectly familiar with the duties expected of him. Early in the morning he reports for duty, and from then on until the close of day he carefully leads and cares for the sightless subjects delegated to his charge. It is no unusual sight to see two men or more, arm in arm, being guided by Dick through various parts of the grounds. Sometimes you meet them picking their way through the adjacent streets, Dick always on the alert for their safety.

I had on frequent occasions to pass Dick on my way to and from the dog hospital on Rue Chauveau, and in time we became great friends. Just before leaving for my home in America, I paid a final visit to my dog friends in Neuilly, and was surprised to find Dick in the hospital recovering from some temporary dog ailment. He joyfully welcomed me as an old friend, and I expressed a wish to the Countess that I might bring him to America. She replied that Dick had certainly done his bit for his country and that it was high time he enjoyed a little of real dog life, and willingly consented that I should have him. The short time until my departure prevented me from obtaining the necessary permit to land him in the United States. The Countess generously offered to care for him until such time as proper arrangements could be made for his trip from Paris to New York. Before leaving I requested the Countess' lady secretary to instruct Dick in the English language, so that he would be familiar with the speech of his adopted country. Shortly afterwards I received the following card from this young lady: "I told Dick a few days ago that his master in America wished him to learn English, and Dick replied, 'Tell my master to learn French, as I am a French dog.'"—a very clever reply from either lady or dog.



Leon, a Red Cross Dog.

LEON.

PERHAPS the most striking dog in the Home was Leon, a wonderful mastiff, who towered head and shoulders above his companions and was really majestic when strolling around the grounds. He seemed to realize that he occupied a position just a few points above the ordinary dog, and his associates seemed to think the same. Leon was a Red Cross dog, and his work during the war was wholly in the line of Red Cross work. He had been awarded the War Cross Star for his work in this capacity.

He is possessed of what is known as a "glass eye," frequently seen in the horse, but rarely found in other animals. One eye is the ordinary brown color, while the other is a light blue color, together producing a very striking effect.

Only dogs of more than ordinary intelligence are fitted for the varied branches of Red Cross work. Not only are they required to carry first relief to the wounded, but also to report back to headquarters, bringing with them evidences of wounded soldiers in distress. When they found a soldier who was unconscious, they were taught to bring back some article of the wearing apparel of the man as evidence of his discovery. Sometimes it would be a handkerchief or his helmet, or in cases where these could not be obtained, the dog has been known to gnaw off a button from the unconscious man's coat and offer this in evidence of his find. Bursting shells and whistling bullets were wholly ignored by these animal heroes as they went about their mission.

The following story was told me by Mrs. Rose Chilton, a Red Cross nurse from New Orleans, La., which illustrates the surprising intelligence and sagacity of these dogs. "All day long a destructive battle had raged and our boys had suffered severely from the raining shot. Leon was busy here and there with his kit bag stored with first aid supplies. Frequently he had returned to headquarters for fresh supplies, or to bring back some token of a wounded man in distress. Late in the night he returned carrying in his mouth a soiled photograph. The picture showed a splendid young man in khaki. On either knee he held a lovely, smiling child, the younger about two years of age, the elder four, while at his side sat a sweet faced woman, with one hand resting lovingly on the boy

soldier's shoulder. These three represented the sacrifice the boy had made when he enlisted in a cause to make his home sacred and safe for all time to come. A searching party was at once despatched to bring back the wounded soldier. Leon, with unerring instinct, led the way and shortly brought the rescuing party to the object of their search. The boy had been severely wounded in the head, and was in an unconscious condition. He had evidently wandered some distance from the point where the accident had happened, as he was without a helmet and his uniform was soiled by mud and earth. Leon, finding no ready token for his identification, had torn open his blouse and from an inner pocket extracted the identifying photograph. Everything was done for the sorely wounded boy, but a few hours later his spirit took its flight to the unknown shores beyond. Out in the State of Illinois a widowed wife and two fatherless children mourn the loss of husband and father."



Wolf, Police Dog.

WOLF.

THE advisability of using dogs in the war was under consideration by the United States War Department for many months. Provision had been made for the training of these dogs, and in fact many had been mustered into service, when a final decision was reached to eliminate their use.

In 1914, just a few weeks before war was declared, I purchased in the city of Neuremberg, Bavaria, a fine

specimen of the German Police dog. The reader can see by the picture of this animal that he was by no means an ordinary dog, but one of the finest specimens of this famous breed. Wolf stood 28½ inches from fore feet to shoulder blades and weighed 170 pounds.

Through a fellow member of the Police Dog Club of America, who had been commissioned by the U. S. Government as official trainer, I had Wolf enlisted for war service and he was sent to Athens, Georgia, to complete his training. After the War Department concluded to debar war dog service, he was turned over to the French War Department, and in December, 1917, was sent to France. In June, 1918, I received a picture of Wolf, showing him in camp in company with two French soldiers, apparently enjoying the novel experience of fighting with the enemies of his native land.

During my stay in France following the armistice, I spent many days and dollars in my efforts to discover the whereabouts of my old friend Wolf, but all without avail. Great difficulties were encountered in locating missing men, and naturally my task to find a dog was much greater. On my return to France I shall continue my efforts and still hope to meet with success. When I find him—and I pray that I may—Wolf shall spend his declining days in the enjoyment of everything a dog likes best, and when his days are ended, he shall have bestowed upon him a decent burial and the lasting memories of his master.



Huskie, Alaskan Dog.

THE "HUSKIE."

DURING the summer of 1918 I spent two months in Alaska, and while there became familiar with the characteristics of the Alaskan Eskimo dog.

Travel during the long sunless winter season would be next to impossible were it not for these tireless sled dogs. Summer is their vacation period and they wander through the villages, camps and mountains, much as the ordinary farm or country dog, spending the long hours of constant sunshine playing and sleeping. From the moment of the first fall of snow, play and sleep, become—if a dog ever

thinks—but a thing of memory, as work is then the order of the day and dogs instead of horses transport burdens of every description. To the hustling Alaskan, a team of sled dogs is the most important asset in his possession.

With the approach of winter, the armies of the Allies were confronted with a very serious problem, namely, how to supply the troops in the mountain camps and trenches with sufficient food supply. Motors and horses were alike powerless to overcome these conditions. Falling snows and howling blizzards made the work of provisioning these soldiers an impossibility. Hundreds of dogs were sent from Alaska and Labrador, and these hitched to sleds loaded with food and munitions made their way through the mountain passes and over pinnacles, relieving the threatened destruction of thousands by starvation.

Ernest Harold Baynes, in the National Geographic Magazine, has this to say relative to the work accomplished by these dogs. "One woman brought back to America a Croix de Guerre awarded by France to her intrepid teams of sled dogs. The occasion that won them that honor was their salvation of a stormbound, foe pressed outpost in the French Alps. Despatch bearers had been sent back repeatedly, but no succoring answer came, for the messengers were overwhelmed as they passed through the blinding blizzard. At last matters became desperate. The foe was pressing his advantage with dash and courage, and nothing but quick action could save the situation. So Lieutenant Rene Haas hitched his dogs to a light sled and started through a blizzard before which human flesh, in spite of the 'urge' of a consecrated patriotism, had failed. In 'sweepstakes racing time' they covered the trip down the mountain and

over a perilous pass to the main army post. There twenty-eight dogs were hitched to fourteen light sleds, and these were loaded with ammunition. Back over the forbidding trail they went, under an artillery fire, facing a bitter wind, and plowing through blinding clouds of snow. On the fifth day at sunrise the panting malamutes reached the outpost, their burden of ammunition was rushed to the gunners, and the mountain was saved from the foe."

We must all agree that the "Huskie" takes his place of honor among the many other species of dogdom who did his bit in the World War, and if it is true that he is a lineal descendant of the timber wolf, we must even have a higher respect for this much maligned animal.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

DURING my stay in France I wrote a number of letters to the press relating to the work of the Blue Cross Society of France, and in return received many interesting letters from America, and in many instances donations for the Refuge.

One of the most pleasing was the following, which demonstrates the heart and spirit of the boys and girls of our great and generous country.

Livingston Avenue, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

John I. Anderson,

Continental Hotel, Paris, France.

Dear Sir:

Your appeal for the wounded dogs now being cared for in the hospital in Neuilly, France, which appeared in the New York Globe, was brought to the attention of the children of the Presbyterian Church of this town, and they decided to do something themselves to raise a little money.

Five youngsters equipped their dogs with white blankets and collection boxes and spent Saturday asking dog lovers to give something for the little war sufferers. When the boxes were opened they found \$18.00, which I am forwarding to you. A donation of \$2.50 was made by the Dramatic Club of the Presbyterian Church, bringing the total to \$20.50, for which amount my check is drawn to your order.

The children would very much appreciate any particulars which you can furnish them regarding these "little soldiers."

Very truly yours,

February 25, 1919.

Margaret M. Link.

This help from America has wonderfully encouraged the Countess in her philanthropic work among the crippled, sick and needy dumb animals, and it is her desire to extend the work to other parts of France, where inestimable good can be accomplished.

SENATOR VEST'S ADDRESS TO A JURY

A POOR man in the State of Missouri owned a dog, his constant companion. A churlish neighbor, without provocation, killed the dog. Too poor to prosecute the offender, the man was without redress. United States Senator Vest of Missouri was informed of the circumstances and at once offered his services, without pay, to prosecute the case. The offender was summoned to court and the following plea was made before a jury of twelve men. Without leaving their seats these twelve men unanimously agreed upon a verdict of a \$500.00 penalty against the defendant. The following was Senator Vest's address to the jury:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolute, unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous is his dog.

"Gentlemen of the Jury: A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow

and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer, he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open and in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

THE SOLDIER AND "JIM-DOG."

By Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

He wasn't, well, a fancy kind o' dog—
Not Jim!

But, oh, I sorter couldn't seem ter help
A-lovin' him.

He always seemed ter understand,
He'd rub his nose against my hand
If I was feelin' blue or sad,
Or if my thoughts was pretty bad;
An' how he'd bark an' frisk an' play
When I was gay!

A soldier's dog don't have much time ter whine,
Like little pets a-howlin' at th' moon.

A soldier's dog is bound ter learn, right soon,
That war is war, an' what a steady line
Of men in khaki means. (What, dogs don't know?
You bet they do! Jim-dog, he had ter go
Along th' trenches oftentimes at night;
He seemed ter sense it when there was a fight
A-brewin'. Oh, I guess he knew, all right!)
I was a soldier, an' Jim-dog was *mine*.

Ah, what's th' use?
There never was another dog like him.
Why, on th' march I'd pause and call, "Hey, Jim!"
An' he'd be there, his head tipped on one side,
A-lookin' up at me with love an' pride,
His tail a-waggin', an' his ears raised high. . . .

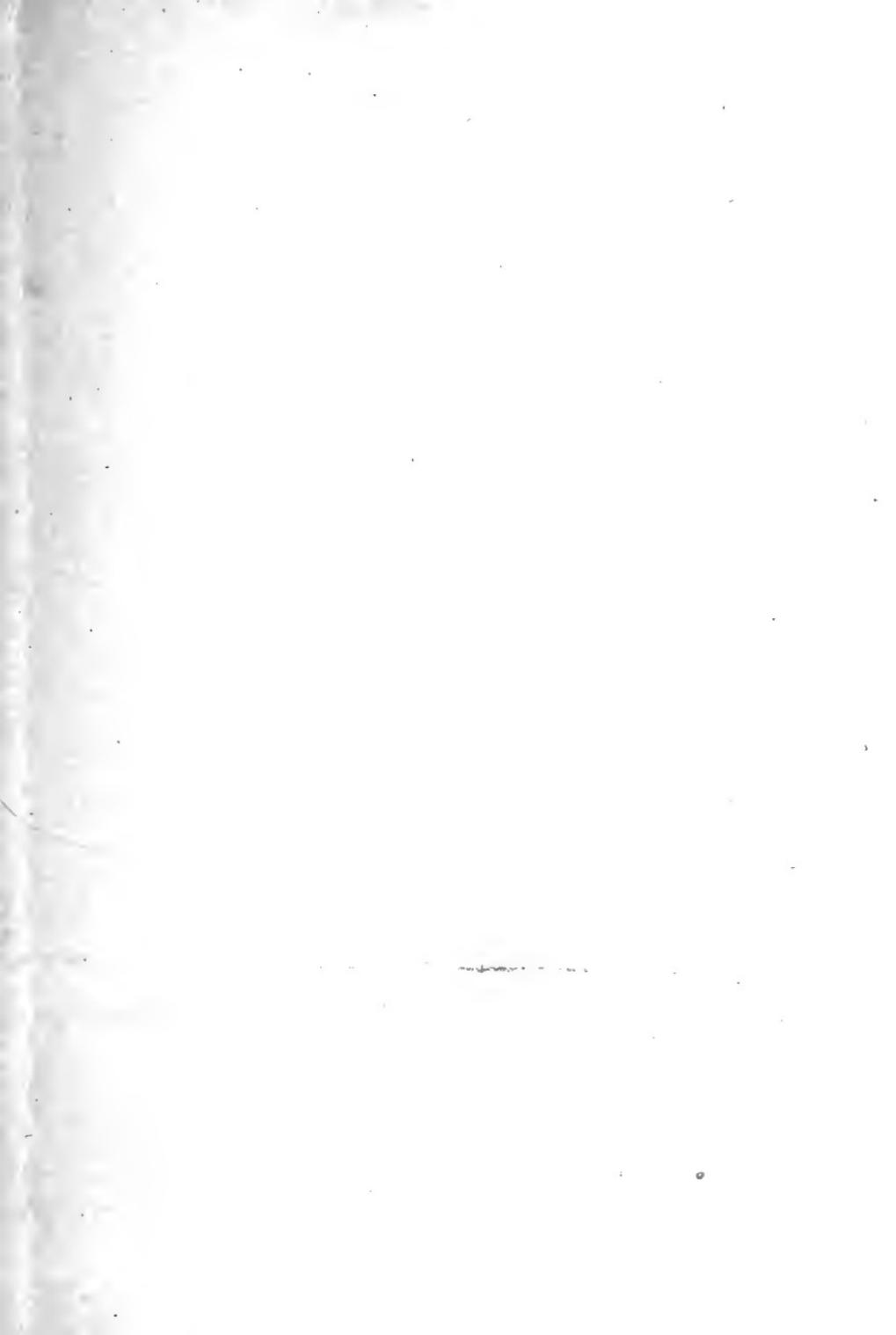
I wonder why my Jim-dog had ter die?
He was a friend ter folks; he didn't bite;
He never snapped at no one in th' night;
He didn't hate a soul; an' he was *game*!
An' yet . . . a spark o'light, a dartin' flame
Across th' dark, a sneaky bit o' lead,
An' he was . . . dead!

They say there ain't no heaven-land fer him,
'Cause dogs is dogs, an' haven't any right;
But let me tell yer this: without my Jim
Th' very shinin' streets would seem less bright!
An' somehow I'm a-thinkin' that if he
Could come at that last stirrin' bugle call
Up to th' gates o' gold aside o' me,
Where God stands smilin' welcome to us all,
An' I said: "Father, here's my dog. . . here's Jim,"
They'd find some corner, touched with love, fer him!

The proceeds from the sale of this book are
donated to the Blue Cross Society of France,
For the Protection and Care of Animals.
Duplicate copies may be obtained for 25
cents each from the publisher.

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